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BOOK TWO: BIANCA'S REVENGE!

Vampyre's Kiss

ADULT HORROR by BARRY BLAIR

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VAMPYRE'S KISS

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All characters engaged in sexual activity in this publication are 18 years of age or older.
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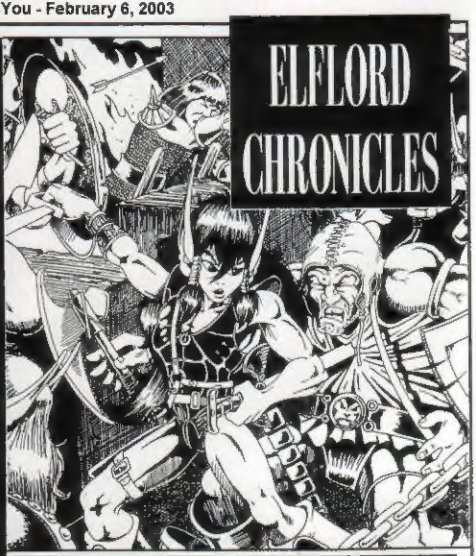

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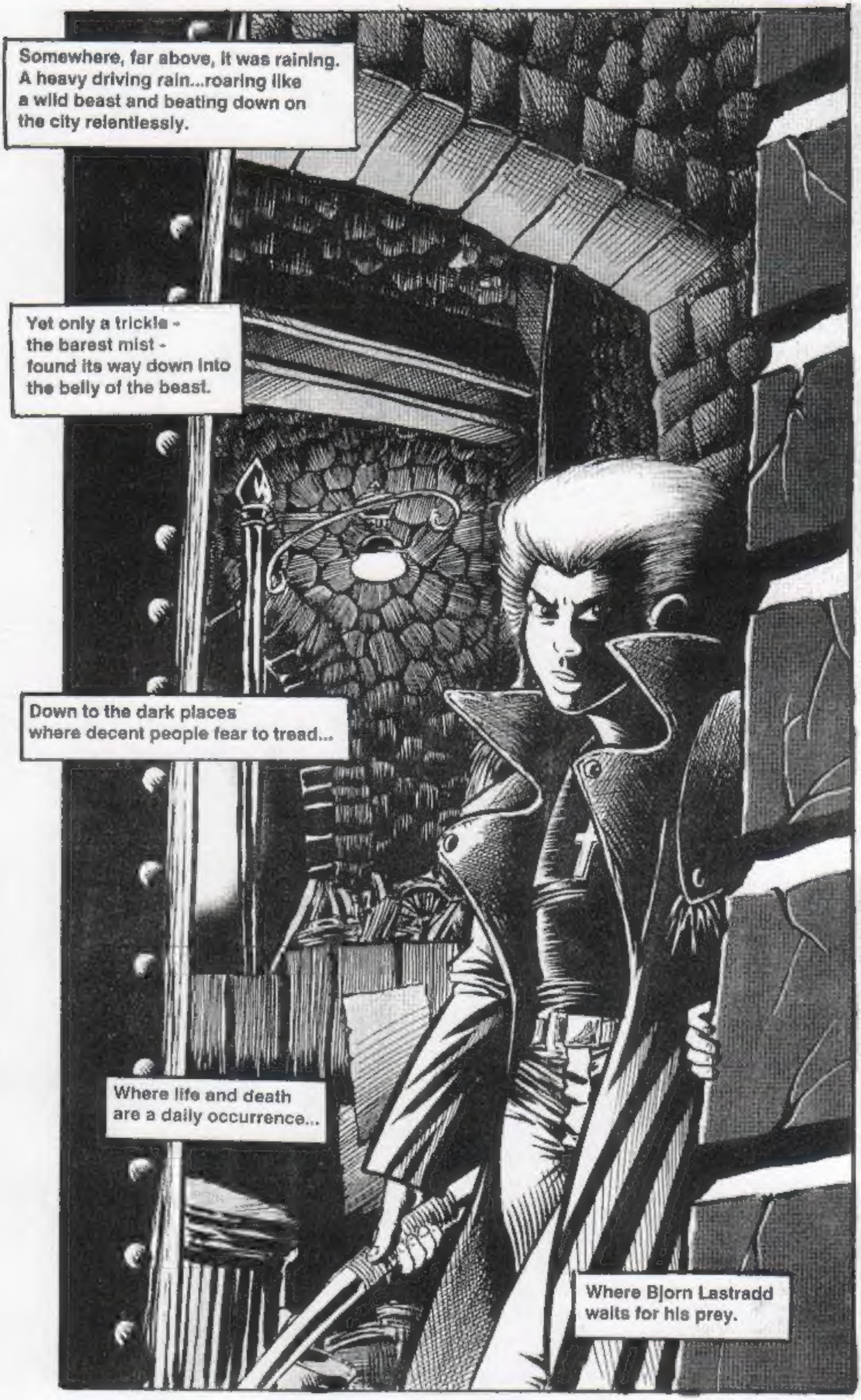

Somewhere, far above, it was raining. A heavy driving rain...roaring like a wild beast and beating down on the city relentlessly.
Yet only a trickle - the barest mist - found its way down into the belly of the beast.
Down to the dark places where decent people fear to tread...
Where life and death are a daily occurrence...
Where Bjorn Lastradd waits for his prey.

The cold blackness seeps into everything as if Death itself claws at the soul.
The shadows become liquid... flowing...coagulating into an ebon mass of nothing.

And yet...somewhere in that emptiness, Bjorn knows, she walks.

At last the waiting is over.
The body moves,
long static joints protesting and groaning in the dampness.
His jaw set with determination,
Bjorn begins the hunt.

It starts with the faintest tickle
In the base of her spine then slowly grows...

Grows into that need
she knows all too well...
the overpowering feeling
that can never be ignored.

The longing
to be with the night again...
the calling...
the fulfillment that only
FEAR and BLOOD can quell!!

It runs wild in her!
Her every fiber aches for it!
She stands there
alone in the night,
letting her senses explore...

The rodents
around her quake
In the dark at the sensation,
their beings probed
by this alien thing searching...
spreading like ripples on a pond
...searching...

...searching...
And finding.

Two sparks there
in the darkness...

Not pure.
Not virgin.
But alive.
Human. Helpless.

Two vestiges of humanity...
living...breathing...

VICTIMS!

It had been a rough day for Bill and Ted, even considering their recent partnership. What with the bad weather and all, pickings had been, to say the least, poor.

GIMME A HIT, MAN. GET YOUR LIDS OFFA THAT BOTTLE. MAN, YOU A REGLILAR PUMP.

YEA WELL... I DID ALL THE WORK FOR IT, MAN. YOUSE JUST SAT BACK 'N' DID NUTHIN'

BULL, MAN! WHO CASHED IN ALL THEM CANS, MAN?

WHO COLLECTED THEM, MAN... SHEECOT.. YOU JEST!

WAIT, MAN, WOTS DAT?

Blackness... Nothing but cold, dark shadow...

Yet Bill and Ted knew there was something else...

They could feel it inside them,
slowly peeling back the layers of their abused sanity...

leaving only their
barest human souls
to wither...

An apparition from HELL!

EEEEEEEE!!

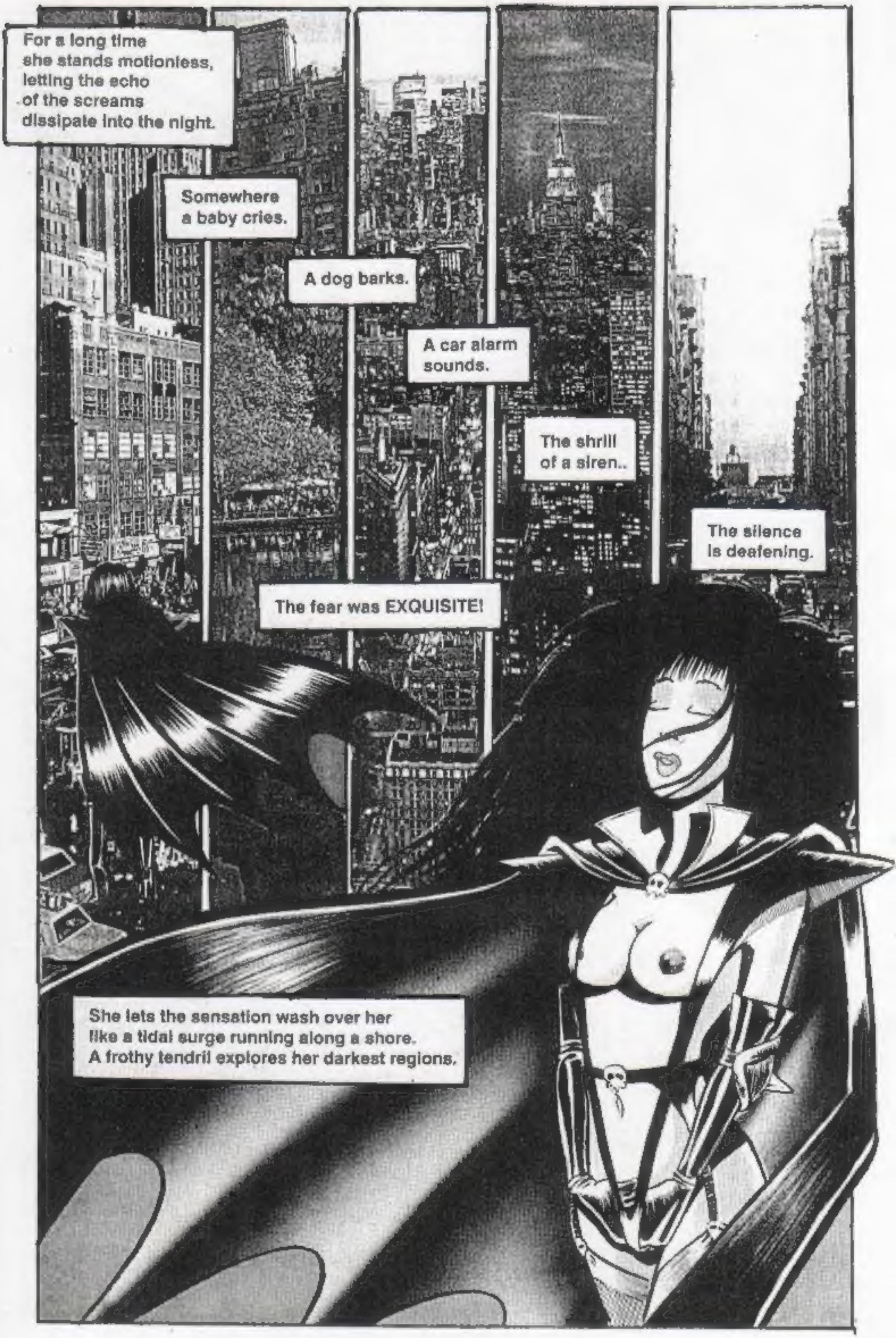
Primordial screams from two tortured throats

as Bill and Ted
bear witness to things
no human
was meant to see!

GNISH!

Adrenaline gushes!
Minds freeze!
Souls wither!
Hearts stop!

Bill and Ted were scared to DEATH.


For a long time she stands motionless, letting the echo of the screams dissipate into the night.
Somewhere a baby cries.
A dog barks.
A car alarm sounds.
The shrill of a siren..
The silence is deafening.
The fear was EXQUISITE!
She lets the sensation wash over her like a tidal surge running along a shore. A frothy tendril explores her darkest regions.

It happens in an instant,
but seems to go on forever.
The long, hard shaft pierces her yielding flesh,
plunging relentlessly onward
in a rush of new emotion.

As if in a dream,
she watches the scarlet tip.
She stands, detached from the reality of it,
as the shaft bobs up and down with her pulse.

Crimson droplets of life blood,
collected from a thousand victims,
form rubies as they drip from the needle tip.

WHO DARES?

I DO IT! UNDER MY REIGN OF TERROR ENDED

YOU KNOW ME, HUNTER?

I KNOW OF YOU, VAMPIRE

YOU KNOW WHAT I AM THEN?

I KNOW YOUR POWER DON'T LOOK ON ME

THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR

The world explodes around Bjorn!

A thousand needles flash out at him from the shadows - every nerve in his body cries out in agony!

He falls, cursing his own stupidity.

Mercifully,
for a time
there is blackness
...dark, warm
womb-like safety
He has crossed
the threshold
from the other world
into the safety
of unconsciousness.

Then, far away, a faint pinprick of light...a hint of pain. .

coming closer

closer

pulsing...throbbing...

Until Bjorn is born again
into the realm
of reality and PAIN!

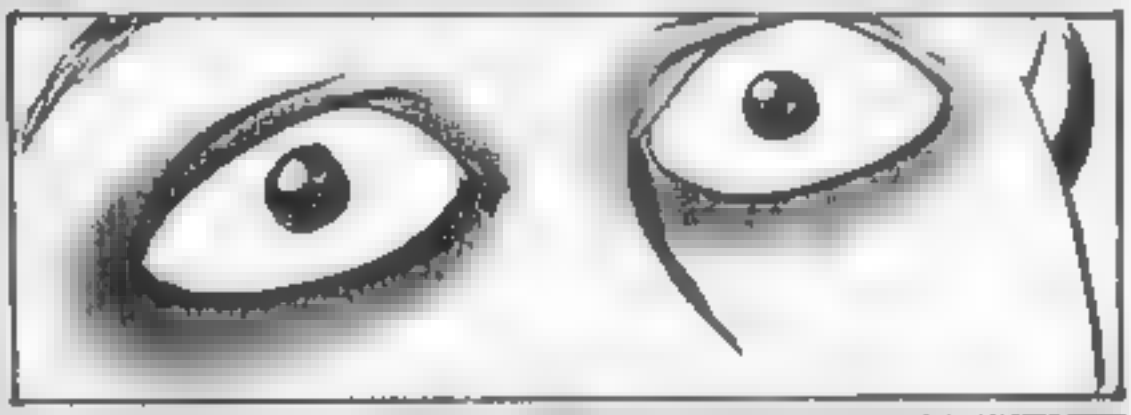
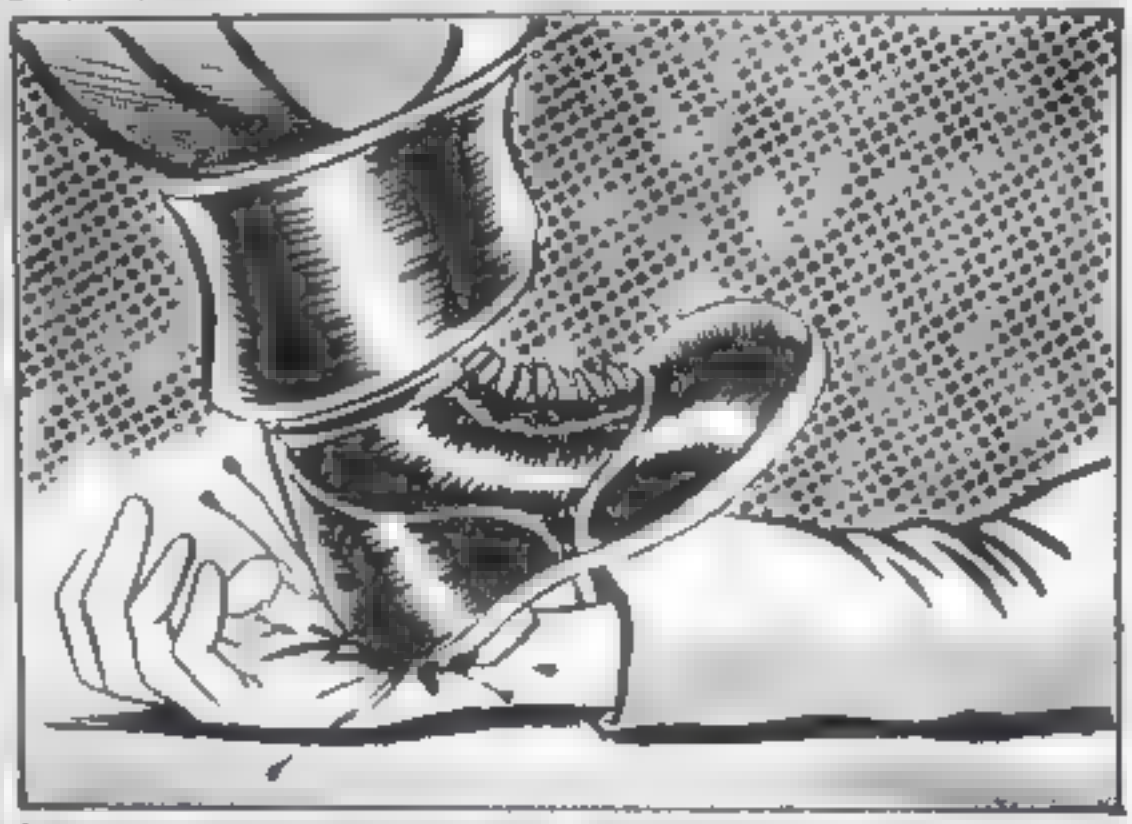
A legion of PAIN!

THE ARROW WAS DIPPED IN HOLY WATER IT'LL LEAVE A SCAR YOU'RE A CLEVER MORTAL A FEW INCHES CLOSER TO MY HEART

IT TOOK GREAT SKILL TO HUNT ME DOWN YOU MUST BE VERY UNIQUE USUALLY MORTALS DON'T KNOW I'M AROUND

TILL IT'S TOO LATE

BUT YOU GET CLOSE TOO CLOSE. AND YOU RAISE YOUR HAND AGAINST ME, ELVIS!

Night birds sing outside the window.
The air is fresh after the rain.

Bjorn slowly rolls his head to the side.
His eyes open into slits.
His head feels as if it's packed with sawdust.
His mouth is dry and tastes foul.

Yet he is alive

NO BJORN NOT A DREAM BUT REAL THEY CAUGHT YOU

HOW'D I GET BACK HERE?

SOMEONE FOUND YOU YOU HAD A CARD WITH THE ADDRESS ON IT I BOUND THE HANG MYSELF

THANKS

I FEEL IT'S MY FAULT, BJORN IT WAS ME WHO HIRED YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE I FEEL GUILTY

I WAS CARELESS IT IS MY FAULT HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN HERE?

THREE DAYS YOU'VE HAD A FEVER I'M AFRAID.

ANY NEWS OF THE VAMPIRE?

SHE'S BEEN BUSY, I'M SORRY TO SAY THEY'VE FOUND THREE MORE BODIES LIKE THE LAST ONES

THEN I'VE GOT TO GET BACK OUT THERE

NO YOU'RE STILL SICK I CAN'T LET YOU GO

YOU CAN'T HIDE ME, FATHER THE TIME TO REVEAL

THEN I'LL GO WITH YOU

Morton Fairlawn
has worked as a
bank clerk for 15 years.
It was his whole life.
He'd forgone a wife, a family -
everything -
to live in his small apartment
and go to work every day.
It was all that mattered to him.
Until he met the woman...

In a flash he realized
his whole life was a farce.
He had been simply
putting in time until that day.
She is, quite simply, his destiny.

His heart skips a beat at the excitement,
the sheer wonder of what his life has become.
He feels his life's energy building,
like a tidal wave grown far out to sea.

He wants her to take it. To take all that is him. To draw out his very being and cast the empty husk aside, and let his soul soar.

YES! YES!

KILL ME!!

NO

NO, LITTLE MAN YOU'LL LIVE JUST A LITTLE LONGER A SMALL GLIMMER OF YOURSELF LEFT

SOMETHING FOR MY FOLLOWERS TO PLAY WITH

MISTRESS

I KNOW

HE'S BACK

THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO, FATHER

NO, BJORN I MUST GO WITH YOU

YOU VE DONE ENOUGH PLEASE STAY HERE

SHE KNOWS I'M BACK

The pin pricks of fear gradually begin to climb up Bjorn's spine as he walks slowly into the labyrinth of misty alleyways

SHE'S HERE WAITING IN THE DARK

He knows now - as his breath becomes short and his shaking palms begin to feel clammy - that the icy hand of fear is upon him..

ANOTHER VICTIM SCARED TO DEATH.

HE'S FRESH. THE MAGGOTS HAVEN'T GOT TO HIM YET.

In the echoing alley a liquid blob of shadow detaches itself from the rest...

HAIL! KILL FEAR! DEATH HAND STRIKE KILL FEAR!

"NO"!!

NOT THIS TIME, HUMAN.

Bjorn looks DEATH in the face!

I COULD KILL YOU NOW, HUMAN. IT WOULD BE SO EASY... BUT YOU INTRIGUE ME.

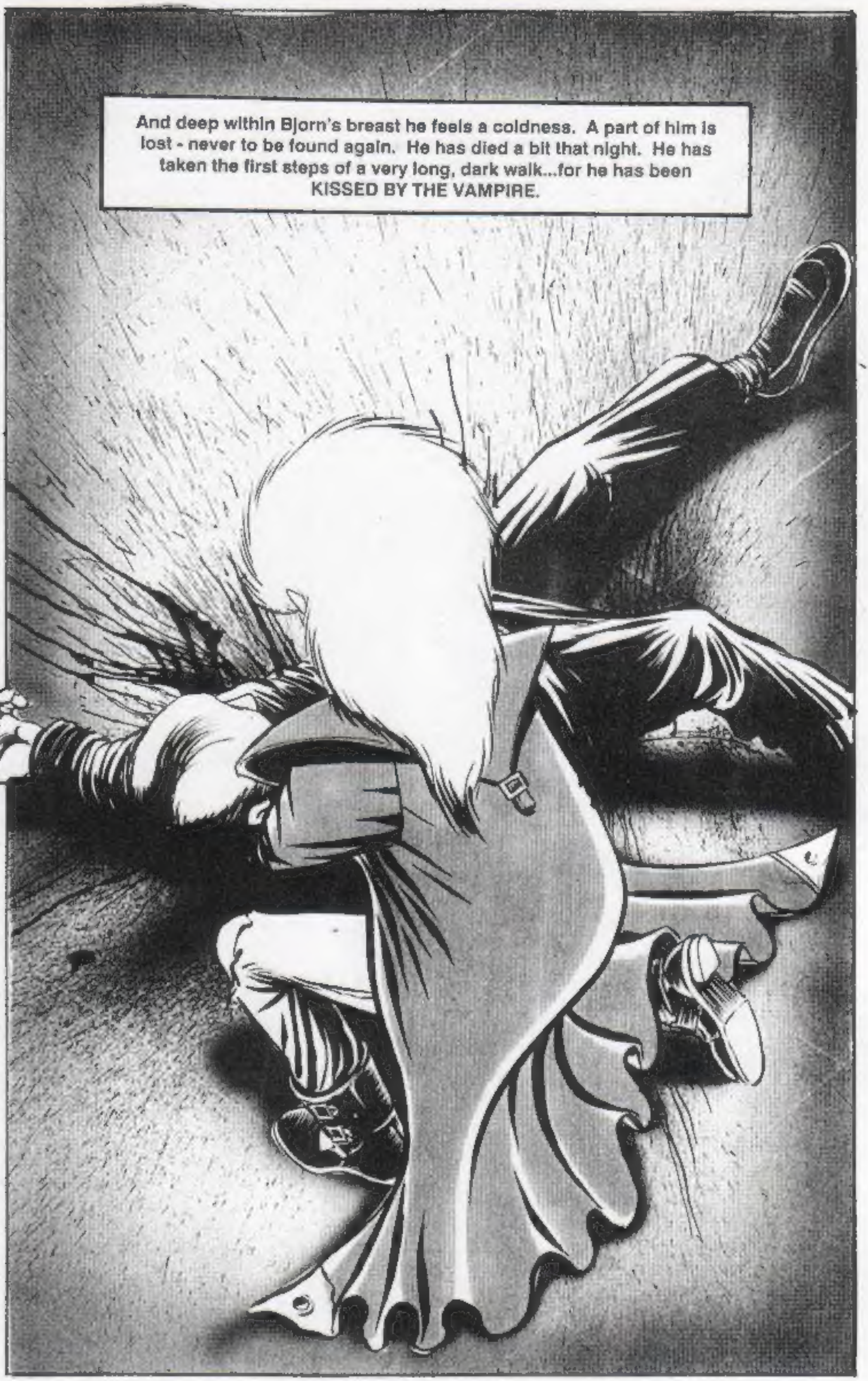
...SO HEROIC... ...SO SURE OF YOURSELF...

NO, I THINK I MAY TRY SOMETHING ELSE.

HUMAN, YOOOO HOOOO!

BJORN, I...I'M SORRY.

NO!!! NO - DON'T


And deep within Bjorn's breast he feels a coldness. A part of him is lost - never to be found again. He has died a bit that night. He has taken the first steps of a very long, dark walk...for he has been KISSED BY THE VAMPIRE.